



GREAT
Britaine, all
in Blacke.

FOR
The incomparable losse
of H B N R T, our late
worthy Prince,

By *John Taylor.*

LONDON
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dwelling in Newgate Market,
neere unto Christs
Church gate.
1642.



H

P



In Memory

of
and of

Class of 1915

HENRICVS PAIACEPS



See here the portraite of that matchles wight
Whose valour paraleld the God of fight:
At Tilt, at Barriers, both with sword and speare
He made his hopefull prowesse oft appeare:
His shadow's here, the world his substance misse
That was this Illes Achilles and Vlisses.
His soul's in throan'd aboute Heauen's spangled frame,
And earth's adorn'd with his resounding fame.

A

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL AND
MY MVCH ENDEERED FRIEND

Sir Robert Douglass
Knight.

TO thee I consecrate these mourning lines
Of Royall *Hermies* sad vntimely hearse,
For want of whom this Kingdom weeps & pines,
With sighs and groanes and eye-bedewing verse:
I know his losse thy manly heart did pearce,
And mongst thy woes, this woe exceeds the worst:
I know thou rather had'st (death's lauchline fierce)
To saue his life, thy loyall heart had burst.
But tis our fortunes and our fates accurst,
Amid'st these daies of sorrow to suruiue;
And lifes vnpermanent all trustles trust
Is fled from him who kept our hopes aliue:
But let sweet patience subiugate your sorrow
A heauy eu'ning brings a ioyfull morrow.

Your Worships euer
most obsequious.

John Taylor.



G R E A T

Britaine all in Blacke.

NOr any Poets all-reuiving pen
Can write vnparallel'd Prince *Henries* praise:
Nor can their *Muses* call him backe againe,
VVhose living vertues shine (like *Thales* raine)
Had I a quill of that *Arabian* wing
That's hatcht in embers of Sun-kindled fire,
VVho to her selfe her selfe doth vsue bring,
And three in one, is Young, and Dun, and Sire.
Oh that I could to *Virgills* veine aspire,
Or *Homers* Verse, that golden-linguag'd Greeke,
In polish'd Phrases my lines would rewe,
Into the depth of *Arc* my Muse would looke.

Meane time she amongst the linguisht Poets throngs,
Although she want the help of *Forraigne Tonges*,

Great Britaine

To King IAMES.

Since such great praise is due vnto the Fruite,
There's greater laude belongs vnto the Tree:
Then in thy Glory how can men be mute
That knowes such Glorious Branches sprung from thee?
For if such honour to the Fruit we owe
The Tree deserues more whence this Fruit did growe.

To Queene ANNE.

Thou fruitfull Vine, thou blessed-bearing Queene,
From whom these Oliue Branches sprouts and springs;
Thou that by Heauen so Royaliz'd hast beene,
To be Childe, Sister, and a Wife, to Kings:
Long maist thou liue, that all the World may know
Thou art the Stock whence Maiesty doth grow.

To Prince CHARLES.

Great Sonne of Greatnesse I the Heauens implore
That heere thou maist haue long, and happy daies,
That ere about the Skies thy Soule shall fore
Thou maist atchiue thy famous Brothers praise,
And when amongst Saints thy Father takes his seat,
God make thee then great Britaines Charles the Great.

To the Princess ELIZABETH.

Thou whome this Ile, and Nations neere and farre
Admires for Angell-forme, and Saint-like minde,
Whose Vertues shine as doth a fixed Starre,
From Thames vnto the farthest part of Inde.
All Heauenly blessings raine on thee on Earth,
And make thy fortunes Great as is thy Birth.

To

all in Blacke.

To the Court PALATINE.

Most mighty, all-beloued louely Lord,
Warrs patterne, and a Patrone vnto Schollers:
Great Brittain doth a Jewell thee afford,
More rich in price then all the Germane Dollers,
Liue euer happy with thy ioyfull Gem
In Earth, and in the new Ierusalem.

To God.

Last vnto thee that art both First and Last,
For his deere sake that conquer'd Death, and Hell,
I doe beseech thee headlong downe to cast
All Traytors 'gainst these Princes that rebell:
Blott from thy Booke of life their impious Names
That seeke subuersion of Monarking James.

AEquinoques on the deceased Prince HENRI.

To write Great Brittaines woe how am I able?
That hauing lost a peerelesse Princely Sonne,
So wise, so graue, so stout, so amiable,
Whose Vertues shin'd as did the mid-daies Sunne,
And did illustrate all our Hemisphære,
Now all the world affoord not him his peare.

His Royall minde was euer more dispos'd,
From vertue vnto vertue to accrue:
On good deserts his bounty he dispos'd,
Which made him follow'd by so braue a crue,
That though himselfe was peerelesse, many a Peere,
As his Attendants, daily did appeere.

In

Great Britaine

In him the Thunders braine-borne daughter *Pallas*
Had tane possession, as her native Clime:
In him, and his terrestriall heau'nly Pallace
Vvas taught how men by vertuous deeds shall clime,
So that although his yeeres were in their spring,
He was true honors fount and vallors spring.

So firme, so stable, and so continent
So wise, so valiant, and so truly chaste:
That from his *Microcosmos* continent,
All Heau'n abhorred hell-hatch'd lust was chac'd:
He ran no vicious vice-alluring race,
To staine the glory of his Royall race.

His soule from whence it came is gone againe,
And earth hath tane, what did to earth belong:
He while he to this land was such a gaine,
That mem'ry of his losse must needs be long.
All states and sexes both the young and graue
Laments his timeles going to his graue.

Man murdring death, blind, cruell fierce and fell,
How durst thou gripe him in thy meagre armes?
By thy rude stroake this Prince of Princes fell,
Whose valour brow'd the mighty God of Armes:
Right well in peace, he could of peace debate,
Dreadles of dreadfull danger or debate.

Robustious rawboned monster death, to teare
From vs our happy hope we did enioy:
And turne our many Ioyes to many a teare,
VWho else might ioyfully haue liu'd in ioy:
As wind on thousands all at once doth blow,
By his deaths stroake so millions feeles the blow.

Well

all in Blacke.

Well could I wish, (but wishing is in vaine)
That many millions, and amongst them I
Had slu'd the bloods from euery flowing veine,
And vented floods of water from each eye:
T'haue sau'd the life of this Maiesticke heire,
VVould thousand soules had wandred in the ayre.

But cease my Muse, thou farre vnworthy art
To name his name, whose praise on high doth mount?
Leaue, (leauē I say) this taske to men of Art,
And let his soule rest in sweet Sions Mount.
His Angell spright hath bid the world adue
And earth hath claim'd his body as a due.

Epitaph.

Heere vnder ground great HENRIES corps doth lye,
If God were pleas'd, I would it were a lye.

John Taylor

B

Great

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the symptoms and the context in which they are occurring.

And certainly I find his body as a creature
 His angelic spirit had bid the world see
 And in his lonely intercessions mourn.
 And I am glad to be a man of Art
 To name his name and his high station
 To state my Male should have unworthy

ad hoc report 2011 AMM



GREAT
BRITAINES GREATEST
W O E.

OR
An Elegeicall Lamenting Poem, for the
incomparable Losse of losses, of HENRIE
our late hopefull
PRINCE.

Sighs, grones, and teares, asist my Muse to mourne
His death, whose life all vertue did adorne:

Whose aged wisedome, and whose youthfull age
Was second vnto none, that's wise or sage:

So old in sapience, so young, so graue,

To be transfer'd vnto his timelesse graue.

Melpomene (thou sad'st among the Muses)

Possesse my soule, and make mine eyes like sluices,

(Or like the restless torrents of the *Thames*)

To gush forth floods of neuer-ending streames

B 2

For

Great Britaines

For this magnanimous heroicke Prince.
Let euery one their mournfull faces rince,
With brinish teares and bitter lamentation,
And drowne their visage with the inundation.
Let sighs, and grones, and teares this Ile o're-flow,
And ouer-whelme our hearts with floods of woe:
Let scalding sobs of this lamenting land,
Raife storages and tempests, vniuersall, and
In this confusion make the world to droope,
And highest hearted honor'd minds to stoope,
And with deploing languor, hang the head,
For losse of him that liues, and yet is dead.
Let Britaines gronings, drowne Oake-cleauing thun-
And fill the vaulty ayre with feare and wonder; (der
For hee that was the worlds admired Lampe,
The life of Peace, of War, of Court, of Campe,
Th'expected hope of blest ensuing time,
Fell in his spring; and dide in golden prime.
Thou happy Ile, ordain'd to haplesse crosse,
Thou neuer canst enough lament his losse:
Thy hopes, and haps, were neuer lesse, nor more,
A better good, or worser ill before,
(Then was the life of death of this deere Lord)
No memory, nor story doth record.

Black

Greatest noe.

Black valiant Edward that war-breathing Prince,
Whose proued prowes did all France conuince,
And in the iawes of death his foes did quell,
Our Henry would haue beene his paralell.
Ioue, Mars, and sweet Adonis were combinde
In Henries forme, his force, and Royall minde.
But now deaths Cloud eclips'd great Britaines Sunne,
His rayes extinct, our springing hopes are done.
Yee Esculapian Doctors, now giue ouer,
Honour is dead, and neuer will recouer:
Your Simples are but simple, and your drugges
Are weake, when life and death for mastrie tugges:
Despight your Antidotes and stone of Bezar,
Death kills the Carise and the mighty Keisar.
Your Vomits, Cordials, Euacuations,
Your Bathes and your humidious Fomentations,
Are forcelesse opposites, 'gainst greisly death,
And all vnualue'd, in exchange of breath.
But pardon me (you famous men of Art)
Ile not impeache your high esteem'd defart,
Who are ordain'd by God to keepe mens liues
In health and vigor with preseruatiues.
We ought to honour the Phisition still,
And hold in reuerence his admired skills.

Great Britaines

But yet if you by wit, by Art, or Nature
Had had preserving power to save a creature,
You should have shew'd it in his preservation,
Who was the life and soule of this sad Nation.
But ther's no power externall nor internall,
That can resist his will that is Supernall,
Who rules and raignes, about the azur'd skies,
And all things sees with his all-searching eyes:
From his omnipotent Maiesticke Seate
He saw the sinne of man was growne so great,
That he audaciously dares spurne 'gainst Heav'n,
And therefore from vs hath this Prince bereau'n:
Depriving him of a Terrestriall Throne,
Exchanging it for an Immortall one:
Where Kings, and Princes, Saints, and Martyrs sing
Continuall Anthemes to the King of Kings.
Thus God (accounting him too good for Earth)
Hath giuen his Soule a glorious second birth:
And as his state and vertues heere were great,
Hee's greater now, in his triumphant Seat:
In that blest Kingdome of eternall rest,
Where he for euer liues among the blest.
Great Brittain, thinke not but Almighty God
Doth threaten Vengeance, with his awfull Rod:

And

Greatest woe.

And that from vs this Prince he hath bereft,
Before he draws his sinne-consuming Shaft.
He takes the good to his great Mercies dome,
And leaues the wicked till his vengeance come.

BVt all our hopes are yet not in dispaire;
For though the heauens containe great Britaines
(As knowing Earth vnworthy such a gemme) (heire
Yet are there branches of that Royall stemme,
That till the consummation of all things,
I hope shall be this Ilands Queenes and Kings,
In true succession alwaies to perseuer,
To Rule and raigne for euer, and for euer,
Not onely heere, (where pompe is transitory)
But in the heauens in neuer ending glory.
Vnto which praier, with heart, with tongue, and pen,
Let all that loue saluation, say Amen.

F N I S.

John Taylor.

Epitaph

Epitaph.

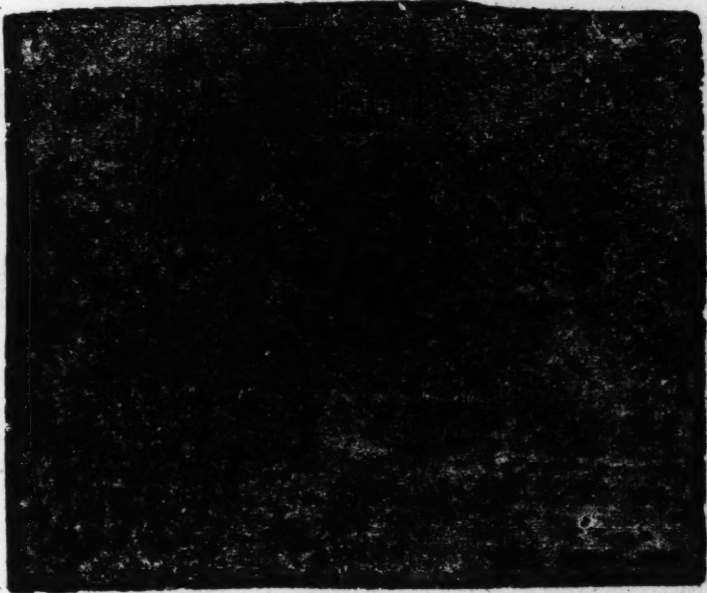
Lu's there a heart that could not rive in sunder,
To see what all-devouring *Death* hath donne
Vnto that lou'ly Maiesties Great Sonne,
Whose stately Corpes lies heere enclosed vnder.
His fame that whilom like *Iehouahs* Thunder,
Was mounted on the Aires all-filling Winde
Agreeing well with his Heroick minde,
Who Comet-like made all the world to wonder.
Lo what Grim *Death* vntimely hath destroid:
Curst be the Planet govern'd at his Birth
Who (Traitor-like) conspir'd to rob the earth
Of such a hope as neuer men enioy'd.
O could our teares, or bloods recall this doome,
Millions would wash thee from thy Marble *Tooome*.

Ri: Leigh



Lament.

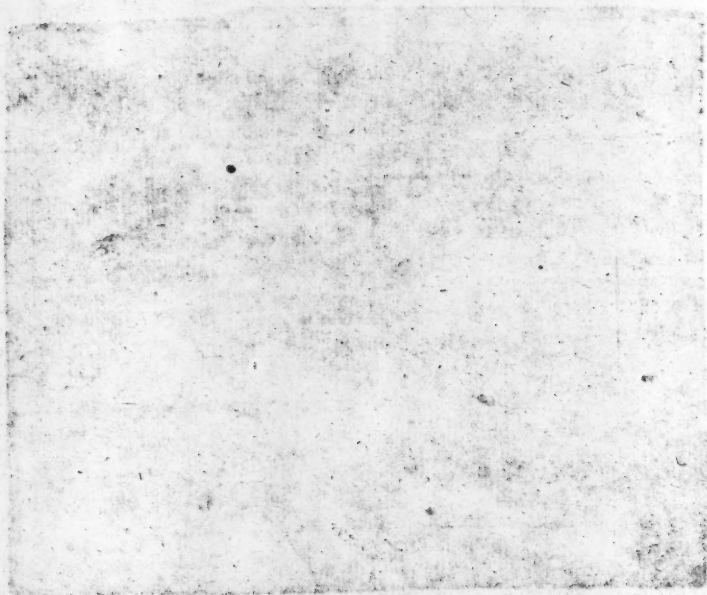
Heu, heu, mortuis Lachrymæ non prosunt.



C

Lament.

1. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.



С



To the publique Reader.

IN haſt, thus, I now confeſſe theſe following Poemes were of my making: but I was condemn'd to be preſt, before I would confeſſe. They are few: (I would there had bene none) the good ſubieſt too ſoone offered the ill occaſion. (Heavens pleaſure ſtill put before) Had I determin'd them for publique view, there had bene more, but being ſo little, I hope it cannot offend much: 'tis more healthfull to riſe vnſated then too much gorg'd, eſpecially, at a funerall banquet. I profeſſe diuinitie, but no teacher, therefore I write not diuinely: the flouriſhes of high ſtil'd Poefie I likewise hold vnſit for ſo familiar a Chriſtian ſubieſt, therefore I forſake that onely in a ſmooth and low-bred method I haue couch't theſe few verſes (in mine own iudgement moſt proper,) if it be not ſo, iudge you otherwiſe: they are vnpoliſh'd & I haue no time to correct them: read them the more diſtinctly, & that will ſomewhat better them; how euer, take them. If they diſlike thee, I much care not, ſince they haue in priuate pleas'd ſome good ones: and ther's one whiſper'd euen now in mine eare, and told me,

Male opinentur de ſe homines, ſed mali.

William Rowley.

Publick Schulpilger oder P

[illegible]



To Prince CHARLES.

Pardon (dread Prince) that I omit thy praise
 Amongst these driery, sad, and funerall layes:
 In stead of praise I pray, stand noble Stem
 Successor to a foure-fold Diadem.
 And may the Chronicle of thy great Name
 Triple old *Nestor*: take thy Brothers Fame,
 His Honors, titles, Vertues, and renowne,
 And multiplie their lustre with thine owne:
 'Boue all take this; may thy Age neuer see
 An *Epidion* in sculp't for thee.
 When e're thou front thy foes, let thy Fate runne
 In *Casars* line, that neuer fought but wonne:
 Inherit all his glories, (not his fall)
 Heaven sheild thee from the *Romane Capitall*.
 Whilst I haue breath, thus shall my duty sing,
 Be long a Prince before thou be a King:
 But being thron'd, thy Raigne haue ending neuer,
 Long Crown'd with Gold, & then with Stars for euer.

To Griefe.

Greife give me leave now to dis-bosome thee,
 Since all in vaine I keepe thee in my brest,
 Let some in smokie sighes condensed bee
 And with the winds be hurried in vnrest:
 But then diuide that part in moisture lyes,
 30 E er halfe fall from my pen, halfe from mine eyes.

To Life.

VHy didst thou leaue a house, so faire, so sweet?
Earth has no more such earth to lodge thee in,
Such a Tent Royall, such a Royall seat,
As if thou neuer should'st haue weary bin.
Shall I say (life) vnkind to leaue vs so?
O hadst thou stay'd, but to be bidden goe!

If honour could haue won thee, thou wert right;
If youth, thou had'st a louely mansion;
If Beauty, mixture of the Roses might,
That kept all Britaine in an vnion.
Could none of this? pardon, I had forgot,
Thou flie'st to Heauen, 'cause we deseru'd thee not.

To Death:

THou great Monopolist, that all the world
Engroshest to thy selfe, wilt thou spare none?
Shall still thy morrall Iauelings forth be hurld
VVith careles flight? a million for one
Thou might'st haue had: but (Tyrant) thou didst know
To wound foure Kingdomes, at one deadly blow.

Thou might'st haue had a sacrifice of teares,
To stay thy cruell dart, the blow to breake:
So many Seas, to buy so many yeares
VVhen sickenes first did thy first sommons speake:
O when that fearefull blaze gan first to flye,
I knew a loyall subiect by his eye.

Foe

To Death.

Foe to thy selfe (rash foole) had hee liu'd still,
Thou might'st haue march't with him into the field,
And by his Royall side sated thy fill,
(Gods foes, and his, falling before his shield)
And being done, with triumphes in thy sting:
Thou hast depos'd a Prince, to crowne him King.

To the Graue.

VNclasp thy wombe, thou mortuary shrine,
And take the worst part of the best we had,
Thou hast no harborage for things diuine,
That thou had'st any part was (yet) too bad.
Graues, for the graue, are fit, vnfit for thee
Was our sweet branche of youthfull Royalty.

Thou must restore each *Atom* backe againe
When that day comes, that stands beyond all night,
His fame (meane while) shall here on earth remaine:
Loe thus we haue diuided our delight.
Heau'n keepes his spirit stel'd amongst the Iust,
We keepe his memory, and thou his dust.

An Epitaph.

DId he dye young? oh no, it could not be,
For I know few that liu'd so long but he,
Till God and all men lou'd him: then be bold;
That man that liues so long, must needs be old.

To

IN Brazen records shall thy name be set
Bad Schollow was the first, to learne to spill
What once the Pist had slau'd, yet heauen's command
Both wrought, one good, the other (we say) ill.
When life had six daies labor'd in his breast:
He kept his Saboth and lay downe and rest.

To S. Iames,

STand like the ruynes of old *thion*,
Looſe thy canoniz'd name in our complaint,
Be no more *Iames*: for wee'l adore but one,
Who long must be a King, at length a Saint.
Be now call'd nothing, but a heape of stone,
Thy good name's lost, for why thy Saint is gone.

To the King.

THou Royall Tree from whence the Roses spring,
Vnder thy shades may Britaine euer sing:
Right great and good, shew now thy Royall might,
Though thy top branche be lop't, still grow vp right:
Vnder thy greese Britaine lyes sicke in paine,
But when thou ioy'st, they'll all sit vp againe.

FINIS.

